Thou haſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did,but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Qu Ma. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar one that botled ſpider, tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole foole,thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunch backt toade,
Haſt. Falſe boſting woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu.Ma. To ſerue me well, you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her ſhe is lunatique.
Qu.Ma. Peace maſter Marqueſſe,you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobility could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable.?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh them to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it,learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you(my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea,and much more,but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde,and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu.Ma. And turues the Sunne to ſhade, alas,alas,
Witnes my ſunne now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright ouſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood,loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Qu. M. Vrge neither charity nor ſhame to me,

Vnchri-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charity is outrage,life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor none heere for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.
Qu.Mar. Ile not beleeue but they aſſend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham* beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he faunes he bites,and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne,death,and hell haue ſet their markes on him.
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gratious Lord.
Qu.Mar. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (ſell,
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore *Margret* was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you,the ſubiect of his hate,
And he to you,and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand an end to heereher curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at liberty?
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hot to doe ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking one it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repayd,

Hee